

## CONISTON'S COURTSHIP.

John Gordon Annesley, Earl of Coniston, sat in the cabin of the Brighton boat, reading his evening paper. He had just folded and put in his pocket a long letter from his friend and partner, Sir Campbell Frazer, in which that gentleman announced that affairs at the ranch of San Rosalie were going on perfectly, but that he must beg his "dear old Jack" to put off his sailing date just a fortnight, as he now found that he could not be in New York possibly before the close of the month (October) or later.

Coniston was in the midst of a frown over this piece of intelligence as he glanced over the paper. He hated American and the Americans; he longed to put the sea between himself and this displeasing nation; he yearned for "shootings" and the Highlands; he scorned the gayeties of all the American watering-places, and stopped at the Pavilion—solely, as he openly avowed, because Brighton was an English name for a place, and for the other reason that here he was within an hour of Pier 38, North river, and could step on board a Guion boat at almost a moment's warning. Coniston, therefore, chafed under the infliction of an additional fortnight in the land of his loathing. Albeit the ranch of San Rosalie was adding a considerable number of thousands to his income, he still—just at that particular moment—wished it at the bottom of the Red sea.

However this may be, Coniston's vacant eye at this juncture took in a very neat little figure as it advanced in the cabin: it was followed by another—a plump, middle-aged lady's figure, much burdened with shawls and wraps, and evidently in deadly peril of a draught, for before seating itself, both the neat little figure and the plump duenna examined carefully the fastenings of all adjacent windows.

"This one seems tightly closed, Aunt Dorinda," the girl said in her clear, light voice.

"Horrible American tone, calculated to lacerate a fog!" mentally commented his lordship.

"No, Polly, no; I am sure—"

"Polly! ye gods!" soliloquized the earl. "Suggestive solely of comic opera, milk-maids and parrots. And she has short hair—he never could abide a short-haired woman. And she was small. Small women had always, from youth up, constituted his pet aversion! Dressed in brown; brown as a color was distressing—in fact, it was no color at all!" Coniston had all his nation's prejudice in favor of brilliant hues.

Why! there came Bradford! such a capital fellow for an American.

Bradford knew her.

She smiled at Bradford, and allowed him to sit beside her, and gave him her wrap to hold.

And Bradford held her wrap, and they all went off the boat together in the friendliest sort of fashion, with the maid trotting after them with the satchels and dogs.

No, he had always had a special aversion for that Bradford! And as for small women, with short hair, dressed in brown—well, his disgust for them was not to be measured by any language.

Nevertheless, as Coniston wildly argued with himself, "a man must fill up his time"; so, in an off-hand way he just intimated to Bradford that he didn't care—if the opportunity offered—if he did introduce him to Mrs. Waddle and her niece, Miss Grey.

Bradford was apparently magnanimous; besides, he had never presented an earl to Miss Grey before—and he did the deed with satisfaction to himself at least.

Miss Grey bowed slowly to Coniston, and then she turned her attention to a group of lady friends sitting near, leaving Coniston to the agreeable knowledge that he was at liberty to salute her the next time he met her on the piazza or the corridor.

It didn't satisfy him.

He went off and smoked a cigar, and conjured up Cleely in the fragrance of the Havana.

Even Cleely did not seem to be as complete a boon as he had fancied she ought to be.

For five days he wandered up and down, and round and round the hotel, "loitering," he called it; but the more correct term to describe these peregrinations would be—politely chasing Polly Grey.

Finally he beheld her alone. Neither aunt nor Bradford nor friends—Heaven be praised!—were anywhere about.

He drew near the big rocker where she sat with a book in her lap; and suddenly Coniston remembered that he should have to say something beyond "good morning," and for the first time in forty-one years he actually wondered what it should be.

She spared him the attempt, however, and glancing up, said:

"Ah! good morning; you have been up in town, I suppose, ever since the day since Mr. Bradford presented you?"

"Up in town!" This was too much, when he had followed her like a detective the entire time.

Coniston looked feebly at her, and then he laughed, and his fair face flushed as he ventured to sit down on the piazza-step at her feet. Polly glanced down inquiringly, with steady, demure eyes.

"No," he cried. "Miss Grey, I've been most of the time about a yard and a quarter away from you; but you never seemed to see me!"

"How strange!" Polly says, wonderingly. "Most people would have seen you, now, wouldn't they?"

"Women always have before," he assents, with a sigh.

"Then you must have rejoiced in a change, didn't you? Variety is so pleasant to an appetite jaded by sameness?"

"No," he answers; "I didn't enjoy it at all. I'll tell you, he says, looking up at her with wide, clear eyes: 'to be frank, I hate American women, and you're the only one who ever inspired me with the slightest—'"

Coniston stops short; there is something in his listener's face that marks an unerring period in his recklessness.

"Well," she asks, sweetly and clearly, "—the slightest?"

The English language is Coniston's native tongue, but it fails him now; he feels the warm blood suffusing his face as his mind runs after an elusive woman.

"Ah, I see; there are some things so much better implied than expressed. But I am so matter-of-fact that I must translate your mute eloquence, Lord Coniston—"

At this instant Coniston is lost in calculating how many minutes he can stand this present temperature of his head and face—"into words, or a word—curiosity, eh? Come, be twice frank—is it not so?"

"You may christen it curiosity, and call it so, pro tem, if you choose, Miss Grey, but—"

The earl again falters.

"Oh!" cries the girl, with a little impatient wave of her hand, and throwing back her pretty blonde head; "how I abhor Englishmen! They are so in terror of even their minor emotions. A Frenchman, a German, an Italian, any other nationality in the world is ready, eager to put his flirtatious propensities into the most delicious language; but an Englishman!"—she shudders—"he stops to wonder what he is about to feel, and lo! the emotion vanishes! ha! ha! ha!"

Miss Grey laughs a long, musical, ringing laugh.

Coniston looks at her, and he wonders if he has ever really seen her until this morning. She looks like the brightest part of the sunshine as she sits there in it, mocking him.

"Perhaps we do avoid putting what you call our 'flirtatious propensities' into words; but if you will permit me to say so, an Englishman is only too ready to speak out that which he feels!"

"Do they ever feel anything outside the hunting-field and the house of commons?" she asks, provokingly.

He smiles as he looks at her.

"I will tell you some day."

Not long after Coniston rides with Miss Grey—a long afternoon ride on the road by the bay, and through the woods and past the farms busy with the autumn fruit-gathering.

They chat of commonplace things—the flowers, the birds, the clouds, the blue of sea and sky, and they come home soberly enough, too soberly, he thinks.

"There is a ball that night, the last of 'the season,'" Coniston is not a dancing man, so he has the satisfaction of watching Miss Grey floating about the ball-room in the arms of other men—principally Bradford. He smokes cigars; he even goes so far as to drink brandy, and invoke the image of the reprobate Cleely—all have little effect. He stalks out on the piazza, brilliant with lanterns, and then saunters to the other end, where it is comparatively dark.

Polly sits there, and Bradford—Bradford—is bending above her; he even has her hand; and now he goes in and leaves her.

Coniston is a madman as he rushes into the other man's place, and leans tremblingly over her chair. She is quiet, silent.

"It is I," he whispers, brokenly.

"I know," she replies, softly.

"Oh, child!" cries he, "you must listen to me; I am a good-for-nothing sort of a fellow; I have had no religion, no anything, until I have known you, and now you are my shrine. It seems to me at your feet I should lay rare spices, perfumes, flowers, jewels—and all I dare lay there to-night is a human heart—a human life, Polly," he says, lowly, stooping his blonde head to hers. "Will you have me?"

He sees her face as she upturns it in the flare of the last lantern; it is as he has never seen it—pale, stricken, awful, calm.

"Well!" she says, at last, with that clear, bright voice of hers, a trifle hard, a trifle matter-of-fact.

"Oh, I love you, my soul! my queen! I love you and need you," cries he, overcome by the sight of her pallor.

"I know," she answers, quietly, "I appreciate, value your love; I would not have it otherwise; I should have been disappointed always if you had not loved me. Ah! burying her white face in her hands, "I revel in it!"

And he had once thought this woman cold, superficial, unlikely.

"My darling!" Coniston says, reaching out his hands for hers.

"But," whispers the girl, drawing away into her shawl, "I—I am engaged to be married to Eugene Bradford. I have been for two years!"

Sir Campbell Frazer had arrived from the west. The Arizona sailed on Tuesday, and both he and the earl of Coniston were booked on her passenger list.

It was Monday night—"midsummer come again," people said, lounging the piazzas of the big hotel—warm, sultry, with great banks of blue-black clouds hovering above the golden rim of the west.

Bradford was up in town, detained by business, as Coniston had discovered. Miss Grey was sitting at the corner of the piazza. He went up to her for the first time since the night of the ball.

"May I sit down?"

She looks up assentingly.

"I am going to-morrow in the Arizona."

"I know," she answers, whitening.

He wonders why, and heaven help him! he gets up and goes away, when he would rather far have taken the frail, vivacious, alert little woman to his heart.

Presently he saunters back.

"Would you take a ride with me to-night? You know we shall never on earth see each other again. Would you?"

Her eyes flash, her lips quiver; she turns the ring on her finger back and forth.

"Yes," she says, quietly, "I will get on my habit and be down presently."

They ride off—off into the green and silent country lanes where the dew damps the air, and where the scent of the homestead flower-gardens mingles with the breath of the sea as it comes to them.

They do not talk very much, nor yet ride fast. The twilight is gathering and the horses have their way.

Suddenly it grows dark—the blue-black clouds have crept over all the brightness

of the heavens and hidden the harvest moon from sight.

A flash—an instantaneous report, and Polly sees her lover stagger in his seat; his left arm falls powerless, struck forever useless at his side.

She has her horse beside him in an instant; she comes close to his side, while the great raindrops fall plashing down upon them. She takes up the stricken arm in her soft hands, and presses her young lips upon it.

"Polly!" cries Coniston wildly. "Do you love Bradford?"

"Oh, no!" she says.

"Will you marry me?"

"Yes," she whispers.

"Now—to-night—this very hour?"

"Yes, this very hour, if you wish it? Oh!" cries the girl, wildly, "Jack, I'll be good to you. I must be, don't you see? This—this?" She touches his arm as he tries to guide his horse and hold her in him, both. "He doesn't need me like that! and you do; and it is my fault—I ought not to have come out to-night with you!"

"Thank God you did!"

"And," she says, slowly, as they turn their horses' heads, "besides, I—I love you; is it not strange?"

"Very. And you will not regret owing a fellow as—helpless as I am, Polly?"

"No," she answers, thoughtfully, and looking at her by the lightning's frequent flash, he sees the strength, and warmth, and tenderness, and love, that he has need of.

"Polly," Coniston says, through the pelting rain, as they ride back to Brighton, "it seems to me as if my whole life had been an interrogation point, and as if you were the blessed answer to it."

And so it fell out that the reverend pastor of St. Mary's was called upon to marry two draymen that November night, and that the earl of Coniston put off his sailing date another month.

Fanny Aymar Mathews in Frank Leslie's.

**Peculiarities of the Irish Alphabet.**

Our alphabet came directly to us from the Irish missionaries and professors of religion and wisdom, who taught Christianity to the heathen Angles, Saxons, Jutes, Goths, Germans, Danes and Swedes several centuries after the death of our Lord. Instead of using the Latin names for the letters taken from the Christian Romans they gave them names of their own. Their wise and pious men had been members of, or were the pupils of, a class of learned heathens called the Druids. In ancient Ireland a druid was prophet, priest, doctor and magician, and the name seems to be connected with our word tree. It was against the rule of the Druids to write things down. They were in the habit of retiring to the deepest woods for meditation and study, sometimes attended by pupils.

That is probably the reason why the Irish, among whom the Druids retained their power the longest—because Ireland was the hardest to reach of all the great islands thereabouts, and the last to feel the changes taking place elsewhere in Europe—chose this pretty system of naming the letters of the Latin alphabet when it became common. Instead of calling A alpha, as the Latins usually did, they said A, alin, the word which stood in their language for palm tree and came, in sound, nearest to alpha, and began with an "A." Instead of beta they said both, the word for birch tree, almost the same in sound as the Phœnician, but quite different in meaning.

And so with the other letters: Coll, hazel; duir, oak; eadha, aspen; fearan, alder; gort, ivy; huath, white thorn; ioghla, yew; liss, mountain ash; muin, vine; nuin, ash; oir, broom; poith, dwarf-elder; suil, willow; teine, furze; ur, heath. They called this alphabet beth-luisiun, choosing out the letters B, L and N, instead of the letters A and B, to form a name.—St. Nicholas.

**Markets of the German Capital.**

The entire domestic economy of Berlin has during the last few days been revolutionized. Up to the present month the markets of Berlin have been held in squares and open spaces. There has been no covered hall. Now, however, all the markets have been swept away and this week a series of market halls, built on a colossal and imposing scale in various quarters of the city, have been opened for public use. At least two of the abolished markets date from early in last century, and all have their peculiar historical associations. If the housewives of Berlin were polled on the subject the new market halls would be sentenced to demolition but the authorities of the city are doing all they can by public expositions of the matter and other means to remove the popular prejudice against the innovation.

It is an almost incredible fact that an inhabitant of London consumes in a year thirty-two times as much fish as an inhabitant of Berlin, and that though the stores of the North sea are open to the German metropolis, Paris with her 2,200,000 inhabitants consumes more fish than the whole of Germany with a population of 47,000,000. This scanty consumption of fish is one of the things in which the new market halls are expected to effect an improvement. Berlin requires yearly 1,625,000,000 pounds of food, including 160,000,000 pounds of fresh meat, 3,000,000 pounds of birds of all sorts, 2,500,000 pounds of game, 77,000,000 litres of milk, 30,000,000 pounds of butter, 8,000,000 pounds of cheese, 19,000,000 pounds of eggs, 51,000,000 pounds of fruit, 3,000,000 pounds of oranges, 21,000,000 pounds of fresh fish, 7,000,000 pounds of smoked fish and 8,000,000 pounds of pickled fish.

**A Climatic Variety Show.**

The territory of the United States has some 450 different climatic districts, corresponding to all possible regions of Europe and western Asia. New Orleans, for instance, corresponds to Lisbon, San Francisco to Naples, St. Louis to Odessa, Chicago to Dorpat and Riga, Kansas City to Berlin, Los Angeles to Smyrna, Seattle, Washington territory, to Dublin, Nashville to Milan, Louisville to Vienna, Cincinnati to Breslau, Santa Fe to Adrianople, Richmond, Va., to Geneva.—Dr. Felix L. Oswald.

**Remove Unpleasant Odors.**

To remove unpleasant odors burnt coffeees the best disinfectant, and it is very greenable. For water closets, night chairs etc., chloride of lime and even common lime should be used. This is effectual in cleansing utensils from bad odors. Or charcoal powder and camphor dissolved: the articles well rinsed with the emulsion.—Demorest's Monthly.

**Fact, glycerine, and gum arabic are used to produce the glossy surface of ink.**

## THE TREES OF WASHINGTON.

**Magnificent Results of Systematic Arboriculture at the Federal Capital.**

In no city in the United States, and perhaps in the world, has arboriculture, as a means of urban embellishment, been more intelligently employed and with more gratifying results than in Washington. The favorable spring weather has developed all the natural beauties of the choice selection of deciduous and evergreen trees and shrubs which beautify not only the great parks, squares and circles of the capital, but the curb lines of the broad avenues which sweep up in beautiful ranges of vision towards the massive public edifices or form magnificent vistas along streets busy with the activities of trade. The work of the municipal commission, under the auspices of the municipal government, began in 1873, thus affording fourteen years of practical test of the sagacity of their plans and the fruits of their labor.

Washington, even in this brief space, surpasses Paris, Vienna or Berlin in the number, variety and beauty of its trees. In the commencement of their work the commission selected trees possessing statelyness and symmetry of growth, expansive foliage, early spring verdure and autumnal variety of colors. In order to secure a reliable and abundant supply of the best varieties and healthiest growth for the future, a propagating garden was also established in one of the public parks, occupied by the penal and reformatory institutions of the municipality, which now contains 90,000 trees of the varieties used in different stages of growth, from seed to four and five years.

The returns of the superintendent and his assistants report 90,000 trees along the curb lines of the avenues and streets and ranging from five to twenty-five years' growth, which includes the old trees of common varieties, generally cottonwoods, which were standing when the systematic arboricultural adornment of the capital began. The number stated does not embrace the artistic groupings and groves of trees in the 700 acres of beautiful public parks of the city.

Some idea may be formed of the extent of the lines of trees now shading the avenues and streets when it is stated that if all the trees were stretched out in two rows they would form an unbroken vista from Washington to Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and nearly half way to Boston, or if in a single row, would reach from Washington to within 150 miles of Chicago. The annual plantings add from 2,000 to 3,000 trees to the number of the year before. The varieties which have been found best suited to streets are the ash, catalpa, coffee, cypress, elm, maidenhair, gum, horse chestnut, linden, oaks, maple, oaks, poplar, sycamore, tulip, and willow, according to localities.

The plantings have also been made with proper regard for certain objective features. For instance, the famous "Unter den Linden," of Berlin, is less than a mile in length and now more appreciable in history than in reality. The "Unter den Linden" of the United States capital is Massachusetts avenue.

This superb sweep of residences, statues and fountains, and even through its more sparsely settled portions to its terminus on the banks of the Anacostia, presents four miles of vigorous and stately young lindens twenty to thirty feet high. The connections with streets and avenues similarly planted will in a few years give the "Unter den Linden" of Washington a breadth of twelve miles. The other avenues and streets, whether devoted to business or residence, have also their characteristic foliage. The maples and catalpas of Pennsylvania avenue, the elms of New Jersey, New Hampshire, New York and Delaware avenues, the tulips of North and South Capital streets, the meridian of the United States; the maples of Maryland, Connecticut and Vermont avenues, and the poplars of Virginia avenue give but a partial idea of that the trees of Washington will add to the landscape effects of the nation's capital in another decade.—Washington Cor. Philadelphia Times.

**Variation of the Annual Rainfall.**

The average rainfall or our Atlantic slopes about forty-two inches a year. The Californians call their neighbor "well-fed," because Oregon gets some ten or twelve inches more. It might be interesting to know what they would call the natives of Chera Punji in the Kasa hills, on the bay of Bengal, where the annual aggregate amounts to more than 400 inches. Maj. Kennedy, in a recent report to the London Geographical society, makes the yearly total 484 inches. But even that monstrous amount seems to be a minimum of former estimates, for Chambers' Cyclopaedia speaks of 52 inches as a yearly average. At all events, the supply must be sufficient to run a mill on every acre of ground.—Cor. Chicago Graphic News.

**An Anecdote of Charles Darwin.**

I have lately heard an authentic anecdote of Darwin, that seems quite worth repeating. It refers to his old age—the period when he was bringing out his book on the habits of plants. His health was poor; and an old family servant—a woman—overhearing his daughter express some anxiety about his condition, sought to reassure her by saying: "Hi believe master'd be all right madam, hif 'e only 'ad somethin' to occupy 'is mind; sometimes 'e stands in the conservatory from mornin' till night—just a-lookin' at the flowers. Hif 'e only 'ad somethin' to do, e'd be hever so much better hif'm sure." No one enjoyed the joke more than the great naturalist himself.—Cor. New York Critic.

**On the Highlands of Guatemala.**

On much of these high lands, altho the people call them, there are streams of water which can be used for irrigation. The farming on such favored spots goes on the year around—for the thermometer during the eight years of this gentleman's residence has never been above 72 degrees or below 53 degrees—indeed only once during that time has it risen as high or fallen as low. It is difficult to realize such an unvarying steadiness of climate.

Colds are unknown, and although the poor people live, many of them in open bamboo huts with no floors, the smoke of the little fire in the center of the hut covering the walls and every utensil with a deep brown, yet pulmonary troubles are never heard of. A population such as Kansas possesses would transform this region into a blooming garden. No frosts ever touch vegetation and the fruit trees blossom and bear fruit at the same time. In early times the Spaniards brought here the grape and olive and they thrived well; afterwards Spain, fearing the growth would destroy her monopoly of the wine and oil trade of the country, decreed that the vineyards and olive orchards should all be extirpated, and it was done. No vigorous attempt since the independence of the republic has been made to reproduce the destroyed industry. Some vines have been put out, but the maturing grapes have fallen a prey to a small ant. This, however, is not the case in other parts of the republic than the region I am speaking of.—Cor. Kansas City Journal.

**Training Fleas for the Circus.**

Who first discovered that the flea was susceptible to education and kind treatment is not known; but the fact remains that on their small heads there is a thinking cap capable of accomplishing great results. In the selection of fleas for training, however, the same care must be taken as with human beings, as the greatest difference is found in them. Some are exceedingly apt scholars, while others can never learn, and so it is that great numbers of fleas are experimented with before a troupe is accepted.

One of the first lessons taught the flea, is to control its jumping powers, for if its great leaps should be taken in the middle of a performance there would be a sudden ending of the circus. To insure against such a misfortune the student flea is first placed in a glass vial, and encouraged to jump as much as possible. Every leap here made brings the polished head of the flea against the glass, hurling the insect back, throwing it this way and that, until, after a long and sorry experience, and perhaps many headaches, it makes up its mind never to unfold its legs suddenly again. When it has proved this by refusing to jump in the open air, the first and most important lesson is complete, and it joins the troupe, and is daily harnessed and trained, until finally it is pronounced ready to go on the stage or in the ring.—St. Nicholas.

**A Tunnel to Prince Edward's Isle.**

By means of the proposed tunnel from the Canadian mainland to Prince Edward's isle, it is believed that the steam communication may be carried on all the year round, as is the case now in the Clyde, Severn and Thames system. The total distance from Cape Tormentine to Cape Traverse, the two terminal points, is eight and one-half miles, and between these two points are the straits of Northumberland. The plan is to run a tunnel composed of metal cylinders three-eighths inches thick, fifteen feet in diameter, lined with concrete two and one-half feet thick, giving a clear passageway of ten feet, through which cars may be drawn by fireless engines, also to run piers out from the main land on the New Brunswick side, 10,000 feet, and from Prince Edward's side 4,000 feet. To reach the bottom of the straits, which at the ends of these piers is twenty feet below water level, a cylinder will run down a gradual incline. Ventilation of the whole will be secured by means of a shaft sunk about half way across the straits, at which point the water is ninety feet deep.—Chicago Herald.

**Homey Girls and Home Happiness.**

Public attention of late has been called a great deal to what are termed homey girls. "Home is made happy by homey girls, who are not much talked about in society," says one contemporary. Well, it is true. There is something about the honest-faced, homey girl that comforts and assures the average man. He is not afraid of her, does not hesitate to ask favors, never feels as if he is trespassing upon her time, and always knows just where he stands. But all this need not discourage the acknowledged beauty. The Telegraph makes bold to say that it has known some pretty girls who were home angels, who labored faithfully under the disadvantage of superior charms and finally settled down to become good wives. Let no girl who is gifted with beauty feel discouraged.—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

**Christopher Columbus a Corsican.**

Albino Casanova, a Corsican archaeologist, has discovered archives which show that Christopher Columbus was born in the town of Calvi, in Corsica, and emigrated to Genoa. President Grevy, having examined the evidence and being satisfied of its authenticity, has authorized the authorities of Calvi to celebrate by an official holiday the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America. The inhabitants of Calvi will hold a fête on May 23, when a commemorative inscription will be placed on the house in which Columbus was born.—Chicago Journal.

**Pilgrims to Mecca and Medina.**

It is believed that over 1,000,000 pounds sterling is spent yearly in pilgrimages to Mecca and Medina. Many of these Mohammedan pilgrims travel immense distances. Thus nearly 6,000 of them are from the Sudan and neighboring parts of Africa, 7,000 are Moors, 1,400 Persians, 16,000 Malays and Indians, and some 25,000 Turks or Egyptians. These are the figures for the year 1883, when there were no fewer than 53,000 pilgrims to these two famous shrines.—Exchange.

**Where Green Turtles Come From.**

**How They Are Caught and How They Are Taken Care of While in Confinement.**

Altho men may come and altho men may go to Canada or over the range, but "the song of the turtle," the glorious green turtle, will still continue to be "heard in the land." Its very name suggests a long table crowned with flowers, covered with the choicest of viands and surrounded with festive men, each of whom weighs 250 pounds. It suggests also witty toasts and speeches, left off to the accompaniment of popping champagne corks, fragrant cigars and the rousing chorus "We won't go home 'till morning."

The main supply of that estimable animal, the green turtle, comes from Florida, the West Indies and the shores of Central America and the Spanish main, although the latter regions furnish but few. Once in a while they are caught in warm weather as far north as the coast of Long Island. They range in weight all the way from 500 to 600 pounds, but the average is from eighty to ninety pounds. They are amphibious creatures and like their arch enemy, man, must now and then have a breath of fresh air, or they will die. From 5,000 to 8,000 are annually brought to this city, and they average to sell throughout the year at 15 cents per pound gross weight.

Mr. Middleton a dealer in green turtle says they are taken in nets in the southern waters by men who make a business of catching them, and they are also captured on the beaches as they come up out of the water to deposit their eggs. This firm keeps them through the winter in storage rooms well warmed and fitted with troughs filled with sea water. They are fed with watermelon rinds, cabbage leaves and other green stuff, and they grow fat in the confinement. They may be thus kept as long as required.

They are very sensitive to cold weather and will freeze as quickly, if exposed, as would a man. The flesh in appearance resembles beef. Steaks are cut from the shoulders, but all the rest, even to the shell and flippers, goes into the soup kettle. They do not bite nor snap like their congeners the snapping turtle. The shells are of no value for making combs or ornamental shell work. Lying on their backs with their flippers tied, they will take no food, and will live about six weeks, in ordinarily warm weather with an occasional bath.—New York Market Journal.

**George Had a Great Head.**

Tact is the lubricant that makes sliding down the baluster of life easy. She had two adores, and, as is usual, halted between two opinions. Henry loved her well, but George's head was the longer as the sequel shows. "Speaking of memories," cried Lucille, "why, I can remember when I used to play with dolls and make mud pies in the lane." "What a wonderful memory!" exclaimed the foolish Henry, admiringly. "Pshaw! Wonderful to recall that which occurred so few years ago!" spoke George of the long head and the next time Henry spoke to her she snubbed him.—Binghamton Republican.